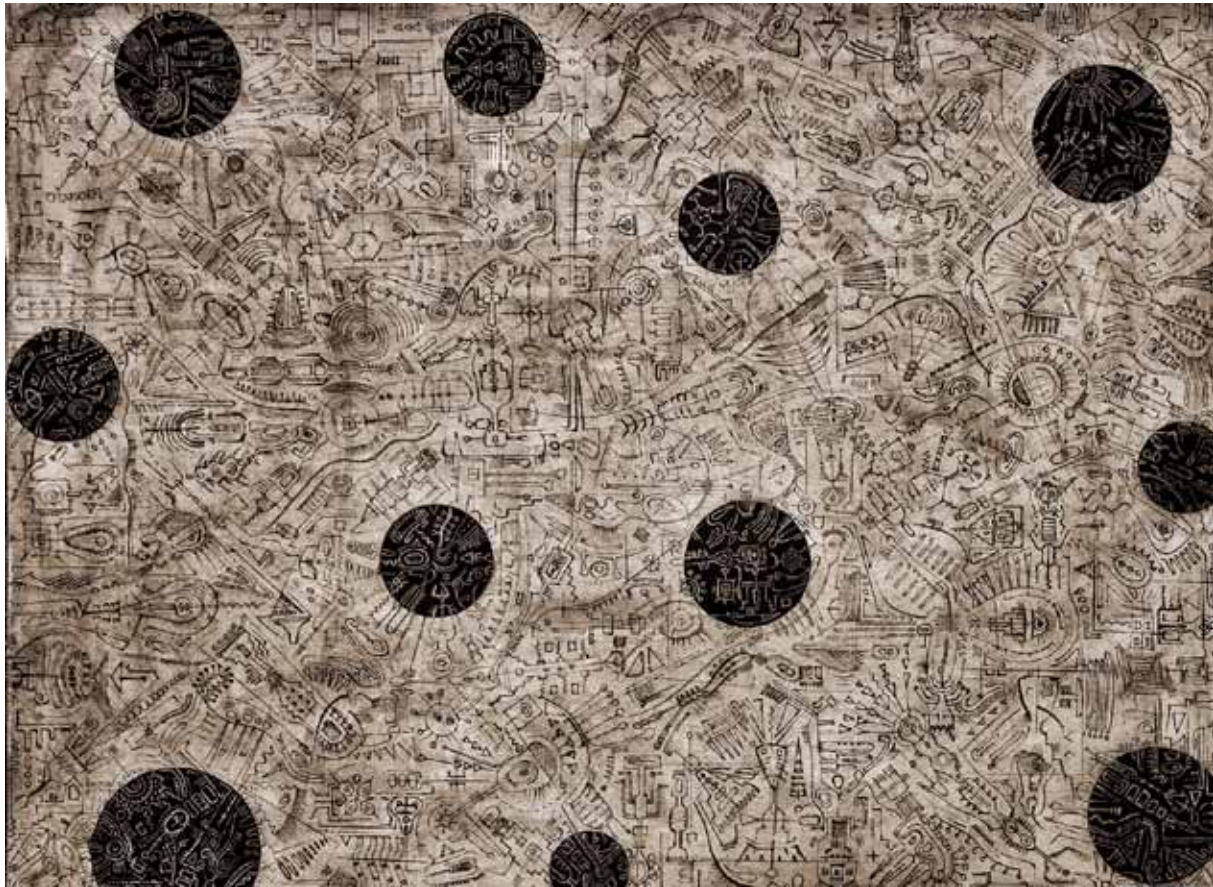




Bones

journal for the short verse

no. 21
November 15th 2020



Mark Meyer

love affair counting the ribs of fall trees

1 Corinthians 13 for a dove the light trembles

lotus leaf underbelly
the constellation
of a photon battle

Agnes Eva Savich

|||||
bobbing and weaving
his peonies

Agnes Eva Savich

night fall

no one addresses darkness with due respect could be fear that pierces the eye
possibly only me in the bus siding with a squat ghost shushing roped shadows
window framed mindless leaves burst on a breeze-storm grazing dust-coated rails
up close whale clouds already crossing a night bridge day molting on a tail
screeched brakes a baby's howl rips the scrim maybe hunger just imagined
roasted yam pressed garlic just guessing from the smell of a woman's hair
scratching her ears probably over far off thoughts of an undressed chicken
no one senses but still night falls hip-swinging on a scatter of desiccated seeds

monkfish
un-deboned bent
in adoration

tipped moon
in a saucer scanning
lost sonnets



Mark Meyer

as my child plays I wish the heart attack had killed my father

eating a plum
so I can write a poem
that eats plums

Alex Fyffe

then the weather changes a perfect skin tone

List Living on East 13th Street 1981

red notepad

blood tests

photo booth photo [every week for year] long one

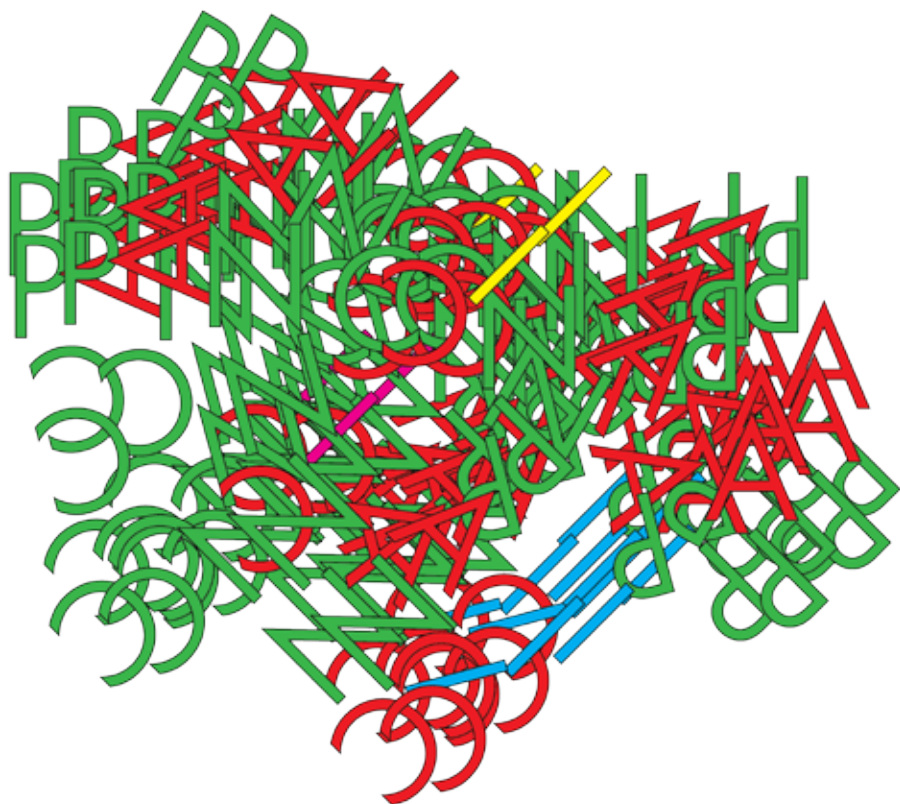
dance-girls

track

hitching messenger

xmas prez for VH

- sweatshirt [Tier 3 or make own]
- spraypaint
- turtle
- Gary Puckett & Union Gap Greatest Hits or Walking on Thin Ice
- Gauguin's Noa Noa



Amanda Earl - Panic

a flake of ash set to music

talk of truth a mirrored sunday

dark matter
the complicated currency
of blood secrets

et tu, universe?

after lunch comparing images of spiny dendrites

the endless run around the end around again

a split pomegranate dangling from a branch

rainy afternoon
who buys the qat
down to a coin toss

My absent heart
cannot withstand
the mountains in Armenia.

Cameron Haworth

based in fact the woodpecker's rat-a-tat



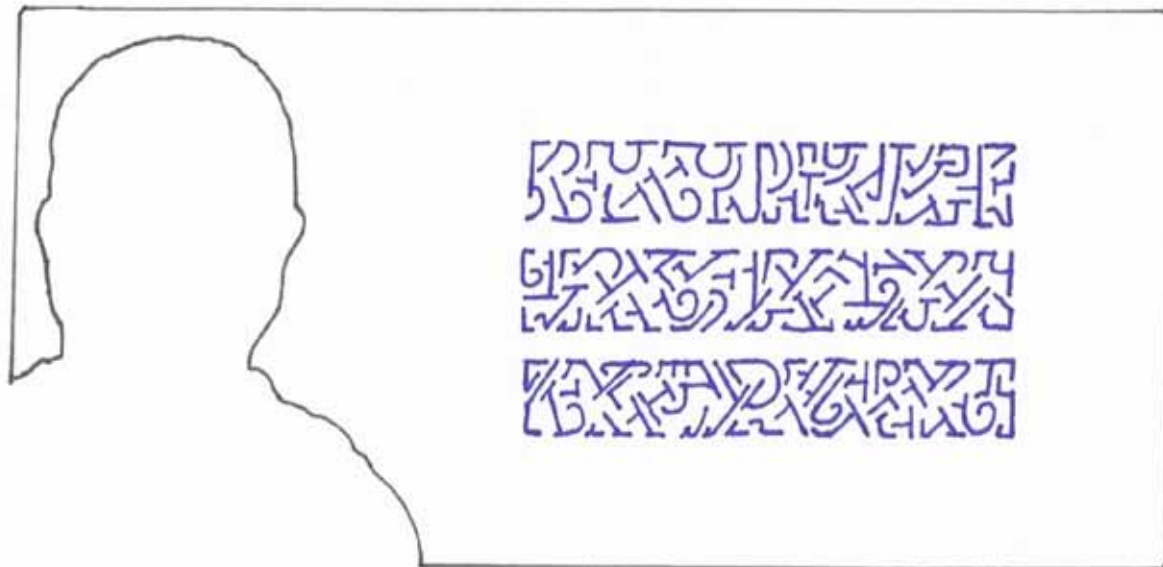
Mark Meyer

survivors wired aloud at the sea

((night)) the home of begin again

grief points storm the ink

entering the grayscale gospel of pyro-cumulonimbus



if only a tinge at the vanishing point

a kiss of blind tape where the two ends meet

wet ritual rides a reflection on empty surface streets

fall starts measuring time in butterflies

his now machines do all the milking life

wedding a faithfulness to the landscape

linens off the host love without protection

tamarack swamp
a calculation to spread yellow
before the election

stranger's music through the wall delete more of the plot



Mark Meyer - Picobots

rules of distance we're all Laika summer

but if you had written it a bluet instead of a bullet

excised from your neck the last thing your dead sibling said

ready to ship to the hidden door of moans like a mouse

by chance producing a goblin prince for export

heart, to raise my spirits. I cannot be the abode of cheerfulness. 'What a place is this that you inhabit,' my son said he, looking mournfully at the barred windows and wretched appearance of the room. 'You travelled to seek happiness, but a fatality seems to pursue you. And poor Cler-

black melancholy that nothing could dissipate. The image of the val was forever before me, ghastly and murdered. More than once the agitation into which these reflections threw me made my friends dread a dangerous relapse. Alas! Why did they preserve so miserable a life? It was surely that I might fulfil my

precious state of my health rendered every precaution necessary that could ensure tranquillity. Mr Kirwin came in and insisted that my strength should not be exhausted by too much exertion. But the appearance of my father was like that of my good angel, and I grew

As

awaiting
its
thunder

wave

wave

wave

into the night

black and white film

a fading scent

over the script

lute music

a spider's percussion

Percussion

Whatever you can strike or stroke with the tip of a stick or the tip of equivalent
equivalent equivalent equivalent

shadows of railings
from a butterfly's wingtips
a prolonged skiffle

Keyboards

The one in my auntie's Christmas room awaiting fingertips to rouse us from our doze. The one in the corner of Miss thingummy's studio waiting for big toes to point and close.

quiet as can be
a sugarplum fairy
thuds like a rose

Woodwind

Once a year as the leaf tints deepened and afternoon sunlight mellowed
across the school hall's dark wooden floor

echoes from classrooms
echoes from corridors
always bassoons

Keyboard

Where would we have been without her fingers gifting us the rhythm as our
satin clad toes marked time en pointe

rise and fall in mirrors Marche Militaire

midlife mirrors in the discourse

the more I
know I can
thrust my eyes

no plastic surgery rose out of the ashes

in turning our son's *caw* back to a crow

the wading flesh
ankle deep
to the naked eye

the river is our church

E. L. Blizzard



Mark Meyer - Progenitor

void ejaculated from the body

regaining control
over my spine bones -
planetary conjunction



Dave Read - Graffiti

crawling insects and an aging clown on the main line

the redundant torture of my wax fruit business

roadside shrines
 a clay figure
weathered
to indistinction
 I remember
 being shaped
in unceasing
prayer
 to take
 a breath

words connect

*a peripheral
tear*

with the logic

in the fabric

of the moist eye

*of space
and time*

a godwit
freshly returned
 the dark night
pores through
 painting
 a self-portrait
its hieroglyphic
record
 of the unseen god

seventy-one

delivery suite

dare I end
that line

*I embody
the poems*

with
an ellipsis?

yet to be

just
a haiku poet

God's silence

sucking up
the milky way

*catching a breath
paused*

through
a straw

*in
its incompleteness*

blossoms
battering

nothing

against
the tyranny

breezing through

of language

the gaps

one foot

thin-skinned

after

the other

*I navigate
beyond*

pedestrian

verse

my limits

[acrostic 1]

Worm casts of presence and absence as a single state

In flux a showing forth of becoming

Sound of water signposted at a crossroads

Direct to its origins footnotes to the silence

On a blank slate the breath of God

Mirrored on the surface a missing word

[acrostic 2]

Dog breath in its drawing back is God

Awakened to a patient etherized upon a table

Rerum Novarum the progress of light across a modern slum

Knowing naught the soft suppuration of naysayers

Nevermore a raven fills the mouths of the poor

Extinct light-bringers compose a nocturne

Solstice night what does it profit amid the stars?

Soliloquy of the drip by drip withdrawal of sight

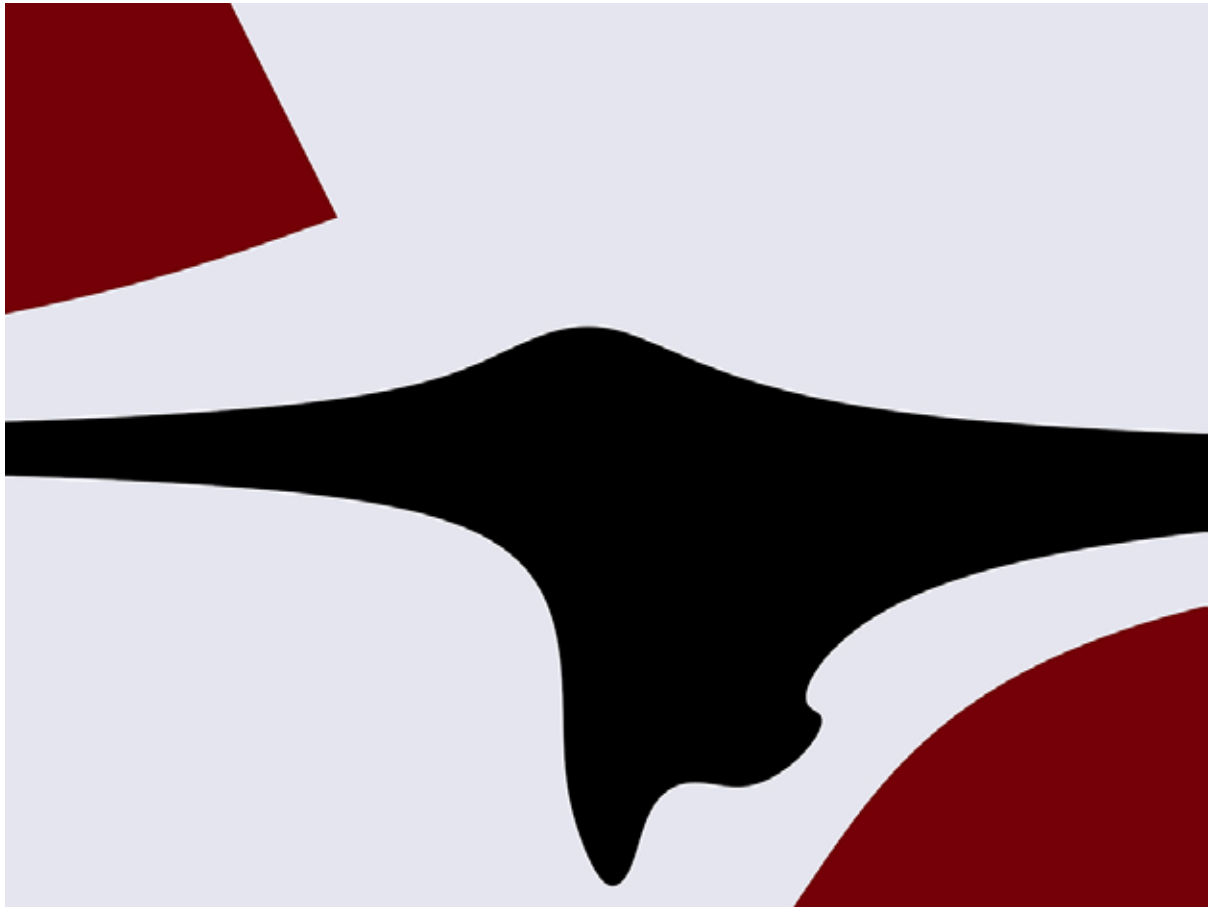
living in mono
[typed stereo]

Helen Buckingham

with each half-baked resolution dying on our lips

cloudburst healing with every needle

covid gothic
as it gets



Robert Erlandson - Black Bird

a diamond away
from a neighborhood
without flies

Jack Galmitz

turn
left
anywhere
it is

today
was angular
anyway

one of my favorite trees	but I can't remember its name
one of my favorite birds	but I can't remember its name
one of my favorite fruits	but I can't remember its name
one of my favorite songs	Yesterday
one of my favorite songs	but I can't remember the band

the yellow buses yellower this year



Mark Teaford

all that
weighs
some
thing
weigh-
ing in
on the
weight
of this
spin-
ning
world

the
earth's

pull
the

earth's
claim

on
you

“stand-
ing
stone”

redirects
here.

& some rock
is quarried

for the word
"mountain";

& some water
is bottled

for the word
"stream".

something that scuttles through

the sound of dried leaves

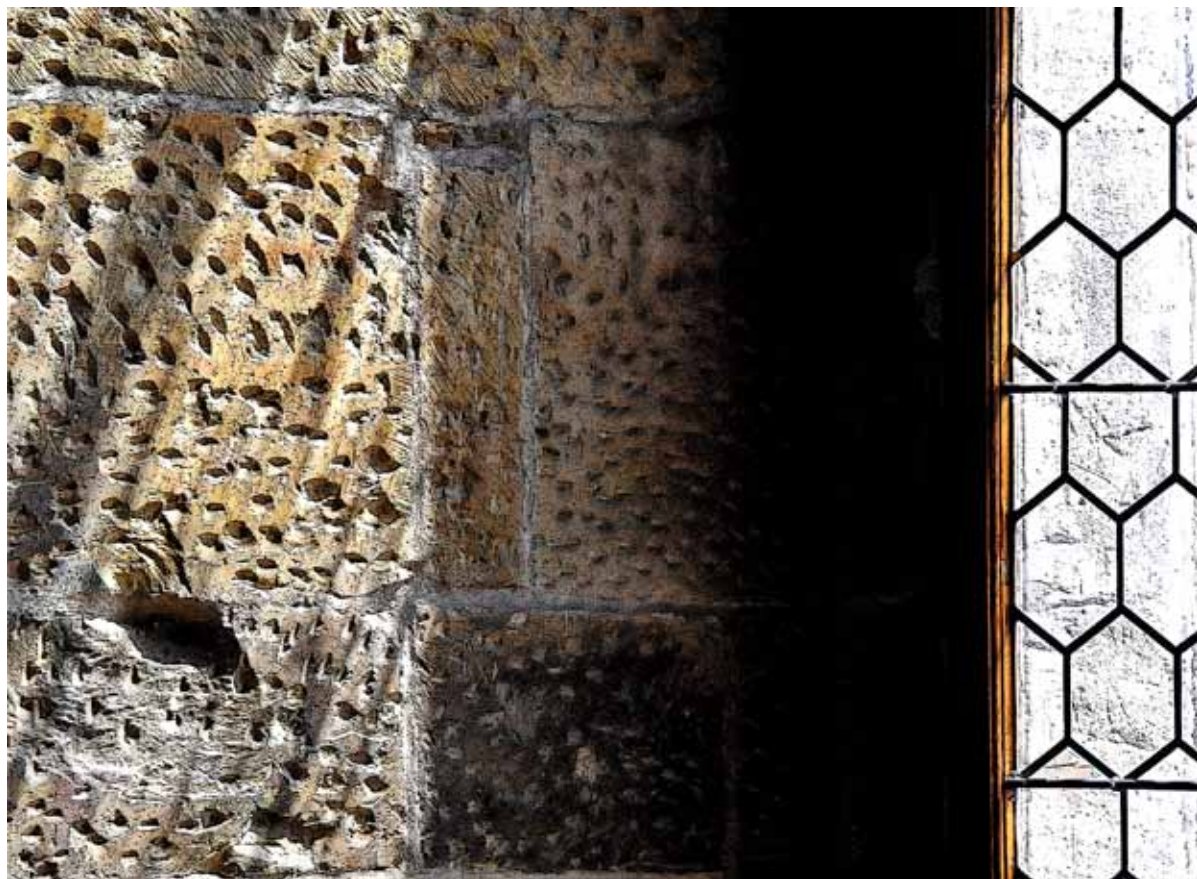
Joseph Salvatore Aversano

cupping
the moth in
hand the

palms

w/
flutter-
ings

till
free



Mark Teaford

death on his permanent record

dew without reservations

under the same sky he insists is red

summer passes in 16-beat sterilization

the yurt at the beginning of the tall

star stalled horses stamping my stethoscope



post-
post-
millennials

the
slow
collapse

of
our
uterus

Lee Gurga

lawallawallawallawallawallawallawall

amb;valent

th en d

spilling out the skeletons come home to roost

the changing status of this virus seeds on the wind

stray shower
I attend my uncle's funeral
via Zoom

ziggurat hillside town a blood offering to bat flight

I stand now where I stood before
as if I myself could be a blue door
that opens to a previous face

Michael Battisto

In summer the moon becomes as vast
as the mountains
with their many rooms

Michael Battisto

Beneath the old clock emptying itself
you cupped your hands and drank
as if we could live through this again

Michael Battisto

After the forest
it is ash with its long fingers
we will have to understand

Michael Battisto

fro
m y
our
e
yes
no
spar
k
of
de
sir
e
f
lies
out
un
qu
enc
he
d

at the end
of the corridor
the wart



Jerry Dreesen - Help

fresh out of toothpaste
archimedes mows the lawn

warming night
the sound of stones
growing

Michael O'Brien

anemones the ant's invisible work

not knowing the way out i leave through the ceiling

bloodshot moon

traveling my mind is dangerous business.

three fingers
of scotch
missing absent friends

the war dead
sitting where they died
pain less

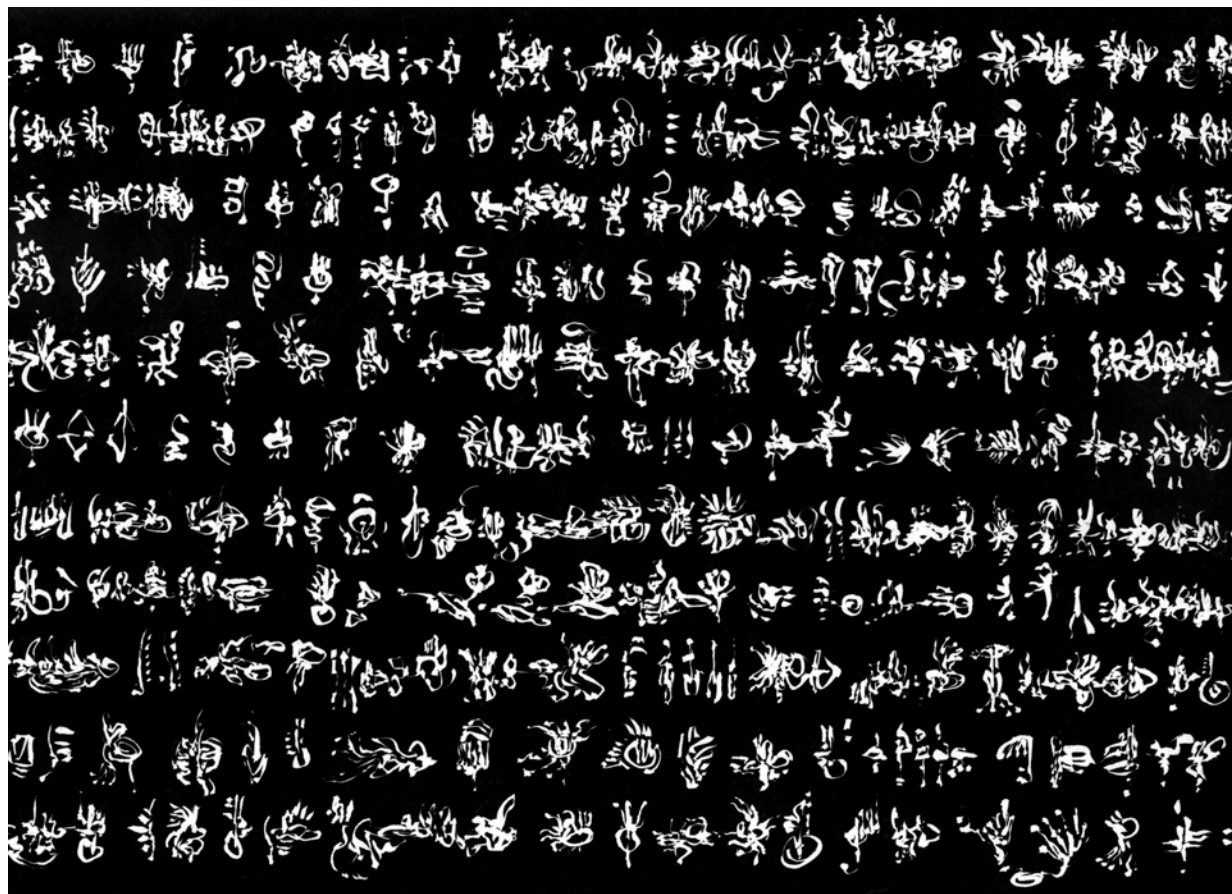
parameters of tenugui and mask bringing back the wink

someone no one will miss the yellow ginkgo leaf

roadside memorials the turns not taken
dollar store urns brush off a dusting
place holders a grasp of rose petals
creaking hinges hearts in remission
thunderclap on dead man's curve
owl sounds of darkness gathering

from his tincture cabinet a remedy of feathers

where were you when the ocean longed to be contemplated?



Light dry snow alpine
crows swooping the lie
in the placebo

Stream pools (to be real
about being lost in
unreal thought) with clouds

In the blood stones
graven a different
shore for speculation

Wash of tide-out cloud
the mind-body death
un- turn- downable

The barren rock still to
explore some quality
of light in consciousness

but the Germans were visible

drumming woodpeckers & their intimacies with rain

closer to my fish side the pull of a puddle

death a distant cousin

saltpetre the cat

a free cornflake in every box of bollog's rize critters
she serves up mmm fat forkfuls of spite
satan consigned to the haemorrhoid sphincter airlock
ho money padme hot rod lingam
kassite boundary stone scorpion-men tip their deadly arses

cowbells palsy walsy with weevil geniuses
captain rye a-rot in the thigh his grainy head a beetle bed
let slip a goat down the well of negentropy

bone finger stopper in the bottle at the bottom of the beer sea
father briny me set sail for fontanelle straits
saltpetre the cat of wizard wu gone in a puff of smoke
ludwig can't you hear me can't you see me homer
milton sterilizes the darkness with his blank pentagrameters

They identified him with hair from a comb.

suddenly-
the rustling trees
remind me of him

fires
keep killing people
lost in pandemic numbers



Mark Meyer - Characters

o
bit
list
of
a
ch
ieve
ments
organs
donated

mind the step, time

when you ride into the cafe on the back of a snail

parentheses is the jerlop of a jerrycan dripping

at the masterclass epsilon has limped into the then of the then of a 100 million years ago

a photo op for monks smacking the willow at the foothills of the Himalayas

the kelp keeps rising past future tense harmonics of Om

inside the still falling rain outside

her first steps found water on mars
overnight

a barcode between rebooted trees

a scream a flag as still as the statue

first

then

she's
a blue

a blue

sky's
mask

*sky's
ghost*

the
dead

leaves

below

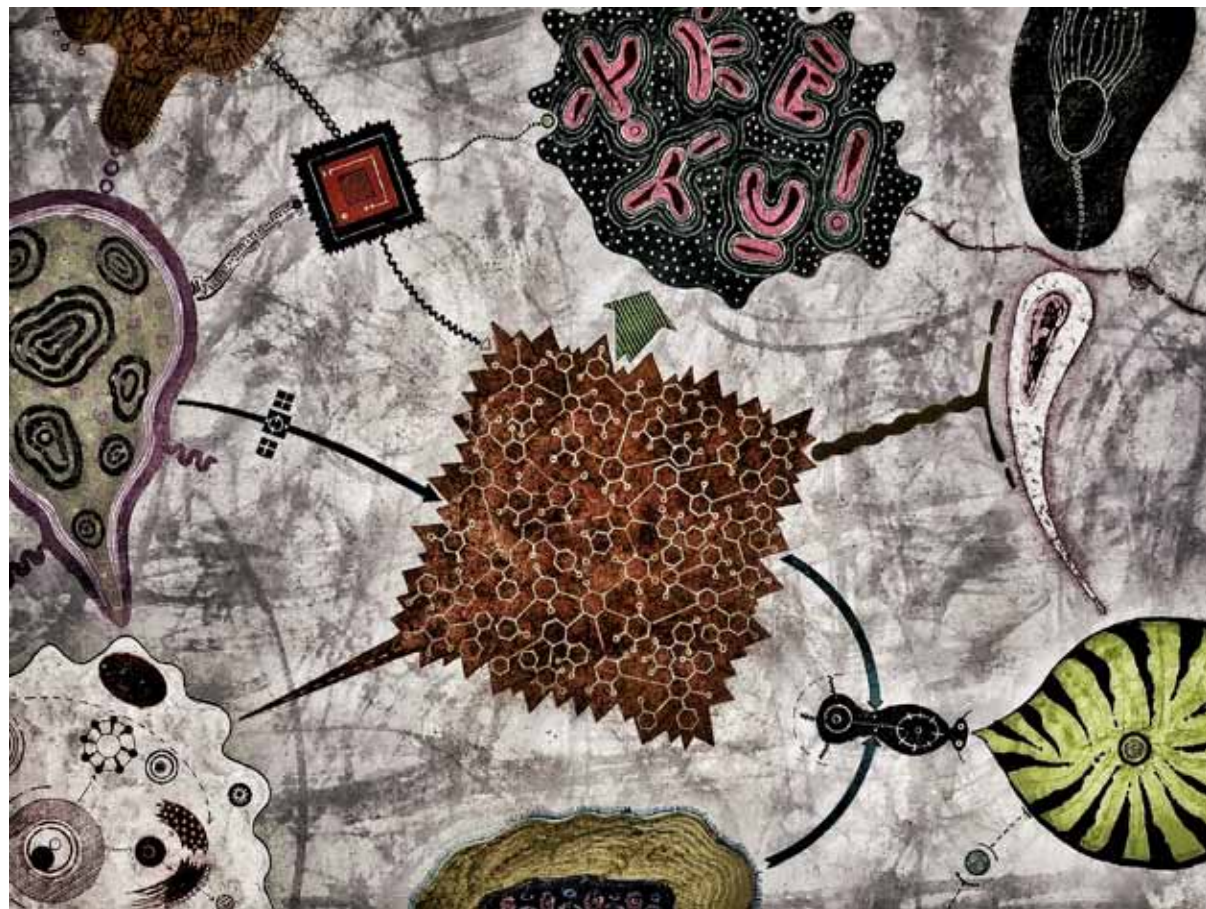
*the
tideline*

not yet apocryphal trees in the city

a bit of glass on my tongue crawling through weeds

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

claiming the subjunctive in the path of life's fist



Mark Meyer

my stutter start meeting spring snow and rain

Tony Burfield

human tongues
parsing the scat
of our ism list

there is no addition
in this universe, just
one flower's long stem

William Keckler

all winter
a pink mitten on the roof
slurring his speech

William Keckler

where my house stood--
only one giant sycamore
still in the burn ward

William Keckler



Melissa Patterson

Editor:

Johannes S. H. Bjerg

Copyright © Bones, 2020. All works herein are the property of the authors and artists.

No work may be republished or used in any way without the explicit permission of the authors.

Website:

www.bonesjournal.com

where specifics for submission of work is stated

Published in Denmark November 2020